THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 12, 1807.

POSTSCRIPT
TO
THE RING.

(Continued from Page 788.)

THE mercer, whatever judge he was of silks, was none of diamonds, and hardly supposed the sale of a mere ring would pay him his bill, more particularly sold to a Jew, those people not being renowned for giving the most for an article, and it would be a great pity the poor lady, distressed to part with a mother's ornament, should be imposed on: so he concluded, as he should conceal from whom he had it, there would be no harm in consulting his friend and opposite neighbour, Mr. Brilliant, as to its real value, who was an honest man, and said to be the best judge of diamonds of any man in the trade. He too, poor man! had lately lost a ring of extraordinary value, and for ought *himself* knew, the ring given him to dispose of might be as good as that, for it was certainly a very beautiful trinket.

As soon as leisure would permit, and the fashionable belles had decamped to dress for dinner, from the jeweller's shop as well as his own, he stepped across to his opposite neighbour.—"I am come, Mr. Brilliant, to ask your opinion concerning a diamond committed to my care; I am told it is something extraordinary, but of this I am not a competent judge, and therefore have taken the liberty to trouble you. Will you have the goodness to inform me what is the real value of this ring?"

A scene of a very different kind was now exhibited in the jeweller's shop to the former one, in which the master acquitted

himself as a very feeling actor. He danced, he capered, jumped backwards and forwards over the counter, with the agility of a harlequin, crying out—" It is found!—it is found!—it is found!—I have got again my diamond!—my long-lost diamond!—my —"

The mercer beginning to think his friend actually mad, asked him what he meant? that he came there soberly to ask a simple question, and could not be detained from the business of his shop, merely to amuse himself by seeing him play over all the gambols of a monkey; and, turning to the son, enquired if it was usual with his father to entertain himself in these holiday frolics for any length of time together; if it was, he would call again.

The jeweller looked very seriously at the mercer, and in a stern tone demanded by what means the ring came into his possession?

" I had it, Mr. Brilliant, from a woman of fashion."

" What the duchess of—" Here he prudently checked himself, and did not proceed.

" No, Sir, I did not receive it from a duchess, but it was a woman of fashion."

" But what woman of fashion? how is she called?"

" That, Sir, you must excuse me for the present; I perceive there is some mistake, something I cannot fathom. It was a great lady."

" Great! aye great enough, big with child—is not she, Mr. Paduasoy?"

" Really, Mr. Brilliant, that is a question I cannot answer; if she is, she has not imparted the secret to me. But there is some mystery in this which I pledge myself to use every endeavour to unravel, and will see about it immediately."

The jeweller requested the mercer to walk in, and there, in confidence, imparted to him the manner in which he had lost the ring, and the very ticklish situation in which he stood in, in respect to the action the duke had entered against him for defamation, entreated him to investigate the business, and trace it to the foundation if possible. The duchess must now either be cleared or exposed, and requested he would lose no time whatever, but insisted on retaining the ring.

The mercer's suspicions were now fixed to the right person, for she had declared the ring to be her mother's, which was evidently untrue. The charge she gave him not to offer it in a reputable way, but to sell it to a Jew, all these matters looked dark. However, if the business could be accommodated, he meant to do all in his power to save her, should she be found guilty, in consideration of her father, who bore an exemplary character, and in consideration of the earl, her late husband, and his heir, whose mother she was.

He

He went immediately to Truman's house; the family had dined out, and were not expected to return 'till late. He went again, but they were not returned. He informed the servant his business was with their lady alone, not her father; that he was compelled to wait her return, let the hour be what it would, for he must see her that night.

On her return she was informed Mr. Paduasoy was in waiting, and his desire to see her; she ordered that he should be admitted to her dressing-room. The servant having retired, she accosted him with—"What success? have you disposed of the ring?"

"Yes, yes, Madam, the ring is disposed of, and in a manner in which you are never likely to finger it again. I would not have had my character, as I am afraid it will be, implicated in such a dirty business for the world. You told me the ring was your mother's, but it turns out to have been very lately stolen. Mr. Brilliant has detained it, and will swear to his property; and, in short, Madam, the business has an ugly appearance. I have as yet concealed your name, but I cannot involve myself further, than promising to accommodate matters if I can. It behoves you then to prove how you came by the ring, and without loss of time, which, of course, you will do."

Our heroine, who had changed from pale to red, and from red to pale, trembling in the most violent agitation, tried to affect composure; and with an effrontery that petrified the honest mercer, thus addressed him."

"Really, Mr. Paduasoy, you have seized a very convenient hour, two in the morning, to entertain me with a species of eloquence I am totally at a loss to comprehend? You have been talking with no small degree of assurance, unmindful of the respect due to the person you are talking to, something concerning a ring. Do pray have the goodness to explain, that I might understand you."

"Why, Madam, is it possible you cannot recollect, or can even have the confidence to deny, giving me a diamond ring to dispose of to a Jew? which now turns out to be stolen!"

"I suppose, Sir, you have *witnesses* to produce, in support of this assertion? if not, your own folly be your punishment. Permit me to inform you, if you *dare* to mention my name in such an infamous business, I will trounce you to every shilling you are worth."

The mercer's passion getting the better of all reason, became quite outrageous. He stampt, swore—and the noise reaching the ears of Truman and Merit, the former wondering what should occasion such a disturbance in his daughter's dressing-room, and at such an hour, both ran, or rather flew, to the scene of action, to see what was the matter.

The man interrogated, told the tale: his daughter confiding the ring to his care, with all the circumstances, together with the subsequent consequences, the detention of the ring by its right owner, being the very identical one so long advertised, and the jeweller's misfortune becoming, as was well known, the general talk of the town.

The unhappy father knew he had never presented her with any family ring; conjured her, in the most pathetic manner, to speak the truth, and if his whole fortune could make the matter up, it should be given to save her. She denied the charge with the most violent assertions; said a vile plan was on foot against her life; that she had no guardian, no protector but her dear parent, her father that never deserted her, and in whom she still trusted, to punish the author of the calumny as he deserved.

Neither Truman nor Merit knew what to think; all was confusion and distress. When the mercer recollecting himself, said—"Do you, Mr. Truman, know your daughter's handwriting?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"I may be taxed in such a circumstance with imprudence, in trusting such a voucher as this out of my possession, but I know your strict honour and integrity. I feel too, in every corner of my heart, I feel for *your* situation and distress. I am myself a father, and will save your daughter still, if I can; if my interference with Brilliant, who is my friend, can get the business huddled up. But you, Sir, must be convinced, on condition you promise to return this letter as soon as read, in presence of this gentleman (Merit), I will submit it to perusal."

Truman took the letter his daughter had written the mercer, urging the disposal of the ring, in which she had again asserted it to have been her mother's. In an agony of grief, past all description, the afflicted father exclaimed—"Maria!—Oh Maria!"—and sunk into a chair.

The tender-hearted mercer felt himself greatly interested in the old gentleman's affliction; assured him that nothing should, on his part, be wanting to bring this distressing business to an accommodation, but could not answer for success; and giving a hint to Merit to follow him, requesting Mr. Truman to endeavour to compose himself, withdrew, followed by that gentleman. When they entered the parlour, the sympathising mercer said he was greatly afflicted at the circumstance, on Mr. Truman's account, as well as the Grandfield family, who, as the lady had been the present earl's wife, and was the mother of the now heir, must feel most sensibly the disgrace, should the affair fall under the investigation of the law, from which she had no appeal, having lost, by the divorce, her claim to the

privilege

privilege of the peerage. That the hope of suppressing a prosecution, would be building on a very tottering foundation, the act of fraud being attended with very aggravating circumstances; the character of an illustrious duchess standing innocently impeached, nor could the slander be done away, but by an impeachment of the real transgressor; nor could the jeweller befriend or exonerate her, by concealment of the fact, as a heavy prosecution now hung over his head, suspended but for a time. On the criminal being produced, so that the duchess's character might be fully cleared, he might look forward with hope to mercy from the justly enraged duke, for without it, he must be inevitably ruined; and, in short, the affair wore so serious a complexion, that he recommended the lady to be removed to a place of personal safety immediately, as in the morning it might be too late. Merit replied the advice was salutary, but still urged him to a trial. To pay the full value of the ring, with all the expences incurred by the jeweller from its loss, with any other douceur, by way of hush money, could the affair, by any means, be quashed, and whatever was the expense, he pledged himself to be responsible. Mr. Paduasoy returned home, and Merit to the dressing-room. For a few minutes a profound silence prevailed, neither being able to conquer their own feelings to begin the subject. At last Merit went up to his friend, and taking him cordially by the hand, addressed him thus:

"My dear Sir, this is not a time for despondency, when it calls upon us to be active. Was I to attempt to lull you into a vague security, merely to tranquillize the moment, it would be a very base return for all the favours you have heaped upon me, and friendship obliges me to be candid. I hope all may yet be well, but it behoves us to guard against the worst. This unhappy lady must quit England for a time at least, 'till we see what turn this unfortunate business takes. Be assured, Madam, there is no time to be lost. Summon your maid, and disrobe yourself of these splendid habiliments, putting on the closest and most disguising dress you have, and under some pretence send your servant to bed. The nour favours the occasion; the servants will be all retired but Cudjoe, whom we can trust. He shall procure one of the nightly hackney coaches, take the number, and fee the coachman to wait in the next street, a mode less liable to be traced, than rousing an inn for a chaise. This will convey us a few miles out of town, where a carriage can be procured, and we will hasten to the nearest sea port immediately, hire a vessel, and embark for the continent. Your daughter, my friend, will be under my protection, and you cannot doubt my care. Expect letters as soon as I can get her to a place of safety, and endeavour to compose your mind. Lord Grandfield is fortunately in town; dispatch Cudjoe to

him

him in the morning as early as possible; his consequence, and interference, may have great weight, and you can depend on his services."

(To be continued.)

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 6.

To the Editor.

HOW few, Mr. Editor, that pretend to be warmed by the holy flame of religion, possess, in reality, a single spark of it; and even those that are sincere in their professions, frequently injure the cause they attempt to support, by an inordinate zeal in matters of controversy. A single point of difference in doctrine frequently creates a rancorous dispute, equally disgraceful to both parties, and such as opens, to the enemies of the gospel, a wide scope for the exercise of their wicked machinations. It is my opinion, that every sincere believer, whether episcopalian, presbyterian, independent, or baptist (however they may differ in some particular articles of creed), will finally meet, and be united in the realms of glory.

We are told of religion, that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace;" and so said my aunt Dinah, last Sunday evening, as my uncle regaled himself with his odour-wafting tube. Now my aunt had been bred up amongst the dissenters, and my uncle, on the contrary, was one of the most rigid churchmen in the world. At the very mention of a conventicle, an involuntary "pshaw," burst from his lips, accompanied by such an expresive extension of the nasal orifices, that it needed not the penetration of a Lavater to interpret his feelings. "Well, my dear," said my aunt Dinah —opening the great family Bible with the most sanctimonious deliberation, "well, my dear, and what said Parson Dozey to day?" "Said—*said*," exclaimed my uncle, rather ungraciously; at the same time placing the *salival receptacle* close between his ancles, "why he said what every parson *ought* to say: he said that they that did their best in this world, might confidently look forward to the best in the next; and that every honest man that had been regularly baptized, came to church, and paid every man his due, was as sure of going to Heaven as he himself was. Moreover he said that the methodists were a set of hypocrites; wolves, in sheep's clothing; and enemies both to church and state. That's what he *said*; and I should like to know what you, or any of your canting tribe can say better." "Oh Daniel, Daniel, (for so my uncle

was-called) Oh Daniel, Daniel," replied my aunt, " how long wilt thou continue in this gross ignorance! how long wilt thou build thy hopes of happiness on the sandy foundation of *works!* Oh, if instead of listening to Parson Dozey"—here my uncle gave such a tremendous whiff, that for several minutes my poor aunt was lost in a cloud of smoke; and when, at length, the tip of her ruby nose began to re-appear from the circumfluent exhalation, my uncle thus interrupted her: " Not a word against Parson Dozey! there is not a better Christian in the world: he tells us as much as he knows, and shew me the man that can do more. He preaches up good sound morality, and if some of his hearers won't follow his advice, who's fault is that?" Here my uncle resumed his pipe, and my Aunt Dinah her monitory harangue: " I tell thee, my dear, Parson Dozey is a blind-leader of the blind, and in the end you will all fall into the ditch together." She then proceeded to a great length on the gospel plan of salvation; and she explained her ideas of it with so much perspicuity, that I was mightily pleased with the fervour of her zeal, and the depth of her knowledge. But, unfortunately, she touched on a subject that never fails to excite the indignation of my uncle, I mean *predestination*; and as it had given rise to several clamorous disputes on former occasions, I think my aunt was extremely imprudent in again bringing this cause of uproar on the carpet. The moment she mentioned it the pipe was dashed in pieces, and a furious glance from Uncle Daniel (portending some fearful catastrophe) put a sudden end to her discourse. A few seconds elapsed in dead silence; but, alas! it was such a deceitful calm as not unfrequently precedes a hurricane. " Fool of a woman," at last exclaimed the exasperated churchman, " fool of a woman! how long must I listen to such extravagant assertions! I tell you 'tis all false; I positively deny it, and Parson Dozey denies it; and every person, in their sober senses, *must* deny it. There is not a word of predestination in the whole Bible."—Here he again stopped, panting for breath; and my aunt, without deigning to open her lips, but assuming the smile of complacency (one of the most provoking things in the world to a person in a passion), she placed before my uncle several texts of scripture in support of her favourite doctrine! Dreadful was the event! a whole volley of execrations rushed like a torrent, from the mouth of this ardent stickler for *morality*, and seizing the *before-mentioned salival receptacle*, he poured the whole of its savoury contents on my poor Aunt Dinah's head!! Now this was more than flesh and blood could bear; and forgetting the resignation every good Christian should observe in the hour of persecution, she flung the candle with such masterly precision at her antagonist's pericranium, that in a moment his enormous Sunday wig was in a universal blaze. In the height of the conflagration,

conflagration, I thought it prudent to make a precipitate retreat, and you may well suppose, I was not a little amused at the ridiculous termination of their religious controversy.

Mr. Editor,

Your most obedient,

X.

ENGLISH *and* PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FOR OCTOBER, 1807,

As represented by Prints in La Belle Assemblee, or Bell's Court and Fashionable Magazine, for the present Month.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.

A LADY AND HER CHILD, ATTIRED IN THE MOST ELEGANT FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.

LADY'S DRESS.

A Round gown with short train, ornamented at the feet in flutings of muslin or needle-work; a long sleeve rucked, with full top; frock back, and lappelled bosom cut low, and trimmed with scolloped lace. *A chapeau a la bocage*, of imperial chip or sarsnet, ornamented with a wreath of ivy or jonquille; a single sprig of the same in front of the bosom in lieu of a brooch. A shawl of Chinese silk, thrown negligently over the shoulders. Hair in a single band across the forehead, relieved by loose curls in front and at the sides. Hoop ear-rings of amber or cornelian. Straw-coloured kid gloves and shoes.

CHILD'S DRESS.

A frock and trowsers of fine cambric, bordered at the bottom in rich fancy vandyke; French back, and bosom cut very low, and ornamented with the same; Circassian sleeve very short. The Moorish boot, or high *pomposa*, of bright yellow kid, laced with purple, Sash to correspond, tied in short bows and ends behind.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 2.

A PARISIAN DANCING FIGURE.

A round frock of Italian crape, over a white sattin slip, ornamented at the bottom with a pink and silver riband. Long waist, laced up the back with pink or silver chord; a plain bosom cut very low, trimmed *tel que la robe*. The melon sleeve,

formed of alternate stripes of pink sattin and white crape; a narrow sash of pink riband, tied loosely behind. Hair combed straight from the temples, and leaving a few simple curls on the forehead, is formed in full braids at the back of the head, confined with a coronet comb of pearl, and ornamented with a bunch of auricula or clove-carnation. A *bouquet* composed of the rose and myrtle. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of fine Chinese pearl. Gloves of French kid, and slippers of pink satin, tied round the ankles with silver ribband. Plain silk stockings, a French white.

Mr. POPE's *Description of* SHERBORNE CASTLE.

I Promised you an account of Sherborne before I had seen it, or knew what I undertook. I imagined it to be one of those fine old seats of which there are numbers scattered over England. But this is so peculiar, and its situation of so uncommon a kind, that it merits a more particular description.

The house is in the form of an H. The body of it, which was built by Sir Walter Rawleigh, consists of four stories, with four six-angled towers at the ends. These have since been joined to four wings, with a regular stone balustrade at the top, and four towers more that finish the building. The windows and gates are of a yellow stone throughout; and one of the flat sides towards the garden has the wings of a newer architecture, with beautiful Italian window-frames, done by the first earl of Bristol, which, if they were joined in the middle by a portico covering the old building, would be a noble front. The design of such an one I have been amusing myself with drawing; but it is a question whether my Lord Digby will not be better amused than to execute it. The finest room is a saloon fifty feet long, and a parlour hung with very excellent tapestry of Rubens, which was a present from the king of Spain to the earl of Bristol, in his embassy there.

This stands in a park finely crowned with very high woods on all the tops of the hills, which form a great amphitheatre sloping down to the house. On the garden sides the woods approach close, so that it appears there with a thick line and depth of groves on each hand, and so it shews from most parts of the park. The gardens are so irregular, that it is very hard to give an exact idea of them, but by a plan. Their beauty arises from this irregularity; for not only the several parts of the garden itself make the better contrast by these sudden rises, falls, and turns of ground; but the views about it are let in, and hang over the walls in very different figures and aspects. You come first out of the house into a green walk of standard

limes, with a hedge behind them, that makes a colonnade; hence into a little triangular wilderness, from whose centre you see the town of Sherborne, in a valley interspersed with trees. From the corner of this you issue at once upon a high green terrace the whole breadth of the garden, which has five more green terraces hanging under each other, without hedges, only a few pyramid yews and large round honey-suckles between them. The honey-suckles hereabouts are the largest and finest I ever saw. You'll be pleased when I tell you the quarters of the above-mentioned little wilderness are filled with these, and with cherry-trees of the best kinds, all within reach of the hand. At the ends of these terraces run two long walks, under the side walls of the garden, which communicate with the other terraces that front these, opposite. Between the valley is laid level, and divided into two irregular groves of horse-chesnuts, and a bowling-green in the middle of about one hundred and eighty feet. This is bounded behind with a canal, that runs quite across the groves, and also along one side, in the form of a T. Behind this is a semicircular *berceau*, and a thicket of mixed trees, that completes the crown of the amphitheatre, which is of equal extent with the bowling-green. Beyond that runs a natural river through green banks of turf, over which rises another row of terraces, the first supported by a slope wall planted with vines; so is also the wall that bounds the channel of the river. A second and third appeared above this; but they are to be turned into a line of wilderness with wild winding walks, for the convenience of passing from one side to the other in shade, the heads of whose trees will lie below the uppermost terrace of all, which compleats the garden, and overlooks both that and the country. Even above the wall of this the natural ground rises, and is crowned with several venerable ruins of an old castle, with arches and broken views, of which I must say more hereafter.

When you are at the left corner of the canal, and the chesnut-groves in the bottom, you turn of a sudden, under very old trees, into the deepest shade. The walk winds you up a hill of venerable wood, over-arched by nature, and of a vast height, into a circular grove, on one side of which is a close high arbour, on the other a sudden open seat, that overlooks the meadows and river with a distant large prospect. Another walk under this high hill winds by the river side, quite covered with high trees on both banks, overhung with ivy; where falls a natural cascade, with never-ceasing murmurs. On the opposite hanging of the bank (which is a steep of fifty feet) is placed, with a very fine fancy, a rustic seat of stone, flagged and rough, with two urns in the same rude taste upon pedestals, on each side; from whence you lose your eyes upon the glimmering of the waters under the wood, and your ears in the

the constant dashing of the waves. In view of this is a bridge that crosses this stream, built in the same ruinous taste: the wall of the garden hanging over it is humoured so as to appear the ruin of another arch or two above the bridge. Hence you mount the hill, over the hermit's seat (as they call it) described before, and so to the highest terrace again.

On the left, full behind these old trees, which makes this whole part inexpressibly awful and solemn, runs a little, old, low wall, beside a trench, covered with elder-trees and ivys; which being crossed by another bridge, brings you to the ruins, to compleat the solemnity of the scene. You first see an old tower penetrated by a large arch, and others above it, through which the whole country appears in prospect, even when you are at the top of the other ruins; for they stand very high, and the ground slopes down on all sides. These venerable broken walls, some arches almost entire of thirty or forty feet deep, some open-like porticoes, with fragments of pillars, some circular or inclosed on three sides, but exposed at top, with steps, which time has made of disjointed stones, to climb to the highest points of the ruin. These, I say, might have a prodigious beauty, mixed with greens and parterres from part to part; and the whole heap standing as it does on a round hill, kept smooth in green turf, which makes a bold basement to shew it. The open courts from building to building might be thrown into circles or octagons of grass or flowers; and even in the gaping rooms you have fine trees grown, that might be made a natural tapestry to the walls, and arch you overhead, where time has uncovered them to the sky. Little paths of earth or sand might be made up the half-tumbled walls, to guide from one view to another on the higher parts, and seats placed here and there to enjoy those views, which are more romantic than imagination can form them. I could very much wish this were done, as well as a little temple, built on a neighbouring round hill, that is seen from all points of the garden, and is extremely pretty. It would finish some walks, and particularly be a fine termination to the river, and be seen from the entrance into that deep scene I have described by the cascade, where it would appear as in the clouds, between the tops of some very lofty trees that form an arch before it, with a great slope downward to the end of the said river.

What should induce my Lord Digby the rather to cultivate these ruins, and do honour to them, is, that they do no small honour to his family; that castle, which was very antient, being demolished in the civil wars, after it was nobly defended by one of his ancestors in the cause of the king. I would set up at the entrance of them an obelisk, with an inscription of the fact; which would be a monument erected to the very ruins; as the adorning and beautifying them in the manner I

have been imagining, would not be unlike the Egyptian finery, of bestowing ornaments and curiosity on dead bodies. The present master of this place (and I verily believe I can engage the same for the next successors) needs not to fear the record*, or shun the remembrance of the actions of his forefathers. He will not disgrace them, as most modern progeny do, by an unworthy degeneracy of principle or of practice. When I have been describing this agreeable seat, I cannot make the reflection I have often done upon contemplating the beautiful villas of other noblemen, raised upon the spoils of plundered nations, or aggrandized by the wealth of the public. I cannot ask myself the question, "What else has this man to be liked? what else has he cultivated or improved? what good or what desirable thing appears of him, without these walls?" I dare say his goodness and benevolence extend as far as his territories; that his peasants live almost as happy and contented as himself; and that not one of his children wishes to see this seat his own.

I have not looked much about since I was here. All I can tell you of my own knowledge is, that going to see the cathedral* in the town hard by, I took notice, as the finest things, of a noble monument†, and a beautiful altar-piece of architecture; but, if I had not enquired in particular, he nor his had never told me, that both the one and the other was erected by himself. The next pretty thing that catched my eye, was a neat chapel for the use of the town's people (who are too numerous for the cathedral). My lord modestly told me he was glad I liked it, because it was of his own architecture.

I hope this long letter will be some entertainment to you. I was pleased not a little in writing it; but do not let any lady from hence imagine that my head is so full of any gardens as to forget her's. The greatest proof I could give her to the contrary is, that I have spent many hours here in studying for her's, and in drawing new plans for her. I shall soon come home, and have nothing to say when we meet, having here told you all that has pleased me: but Wilton is in my way, and I depend upon that for new matter. Believe me ever your's, with

* This is an allusion to the Sherborne curse, which may be seen in Peck's Desiderata, vol. ii. b. xiv. No. 6. p. 5. Osmond, who from a Norman knight became a bishop, gave Sherborne Castle, with other lands, to the church of Salisbury, and laid a curse on all who should alienate or diminish his donation. In Peck may be found the instances in which it has been verified. C— Mr. Crowe has most poetically introduced this circumstance in his "Lewesdon Hill." B.

† Sherborne was formerly the see of a bishop. C.

§ The noble monument mentioned by Pope is that of John Digby, earl of Bristol, who died in 1698. It is said to have cost 1500l. C.

with a sincerity as old-fashioned, and as different from modern sincerity, as this house, this family, and these ruins, are from the court, and all its neighbourhood.

[The above description is copied from a new edition of the works of Mr. Pope, and is addressed to Mrs. Martha Blount.]

Remarks on the delightful Amusement of Gardening.

By the Rev. Dr. KNOX.

THE various forms which nature assumes in the vicissitudes of the seasons, will constitute a source of complacency which can never be exhausted. How grateful to the senses the freshness of the herbage, the fragrancy of the flowers, all those simple delights of the field which poets have from the earliest ages, no less justly than exuberantly described! In almost every description of the seats of the blessed, ideas of a garden seem to have predominated. The word paradise itself is synonimous with garden. The fields of elysium, that sweet region of poetry, are adorned with all the imagination can conceive to be delightful. Some of the most pleasant passages of Milton are those in which he represents the first happy pair engaged in cultivating their blissful abode.

The superintendance of a garden might of itself occupy a life elegantly and pleasurably. Nothing is better able to gratify the inherent passion of novelty; for nature is always renewing her variegated appearance. She is infinite in her productions, and the life of man may come to its close before he has seen half the pictures she is able to display. The beauty of *colour*, though justly esteemed subordinate to that of *shape*, is yet found to delight the eye more immediately, and more universally. When colour and shape are united in perfection, he who can view them with insensibility, must certainly want all pretensions to delicacy of perception. Such an union has been usually effected by nature in the formation of a flower. She certainly meant to regale the senses of her favourite with an object which presents to him at once, freshness, fragrancy, colour, and shape.

The very soul seems to be refreshed on the bare recollection of the pleasure which the senses receive in contemplating, in a fine vernal morning, the charms of the pink, the violet, the rose, the honeysuckle, the narcissus, the hyacinth, the tulip, and a thousand others, in every variety of figure, scent, and hue; for nature is no less remarkable for the accuracy and beauty of her works, than for variety and profusion. Defects are always discovered in the works of art, when they are examined with a microscope; but a close examination of the leaf of a flower

flower is like taking off a veil from the face of beauty. The serrated border of the petal of a flower, and the fringe on the wing of a fly, display an accuracy of delineation which no pencil ever yet could rival. The taste of the florist has not indeed been much admired, or generally aspired at; while that of the connoisseur in painting is considered as a mark of elegance of character, and an honourable distinction. Yet, surely, it is an inconsistency, to be transported with the work of a poor mortal, and feel no raptures in surveying those highly-finished pictures, in which it is easy to trace the finger of the Deity.

ACCOUNT *of the ancient* CITY *of* BABYLON.

[From Dr. Gillie's late instructive Work, entitled The History of the World, from Alexander to Augustus.]

DURING the latter part of Nebuchadnezzar's reign, and the twenty-six years that intervened between his death and the conquest of his capital by Cyrus, Babylon appears not only to have been the seat of an imperial court, and station for a vast garrison, but the staple of the greatest commerce that perhaps was every carried on by one city. Its precious manufactures under its hereditary sacerdotal government remounted, as we have seen, to immemorial antiquity. The Babylonians continued thenceforward to be clothed with the produce of their own industry. Their bodies were covered with fine linen, descending to their feet; their mitras or turbans were also of linen, plaited with much art; they wore woollen tunicks, above which a short white cloak repelled the rays of the sun. Their houses were solid, lofty, and separated from a regard to health and safety, at due distances from each other; within them the floors glowed with double and tripple carpets, of the brightest colours; and the walls were adorned with those beautiful tissues called sindones, whose fine, yet firm texture, was employed as the fittest clothing for eastern kings. The looms of Babylon, and of the neighbouring Borsippa, a town owing its prosperity to manufactures wholly, supplied to all countries round, the finest veils or hangings, and every article of dress or furniture composed of cotton, of linen, or of wool.

In the consumption of the Babylonians we find innumerable commodities, produced only in countries far remote from their own. The vast quantities of spices and aromatics wasted in private luxury, or in the superstitious worship of their gods, appear to have been objects of more expence among them, than among any other people, not excepting the Romans during

ring the ages of their greatest magnificence. At the festival of Jupiter, 25 tons of frankincense were yearly burned on his altar. Next to this article the prodigious masses of gold employed in statues and other ornaments deservedly excite wonder. Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, 90 feet high, included also the height of the pedestal, since the breadth of this figure was, according to scripture, only nine feet, which from the known proportions of the human body, will give 40 feet for its altitude, the precise number assigned by Diodorus Siculus to the loftiest of the colossal statues at Babylon. According to *his* enumeration and estimate of the golden ornaments in that city, the collective mass exceeded in value 21,000,000 sterling: but some fallacy may be suspected, since we know from higher authority, that many idols consisted of wood, over-laid only with gold. Every Babylonian is said to have worn an engraved gem, serving for his signet; and whose ordinary materials were the onyx, the sapphire, or the emerald. The diamond had not yet displayed its unrivalled brilliancy. In its natural state this sovereign of the mineral kingdom, is commonly a greyish flint, dull and dirty; its splendour and superior value is revealed only by cutting, the invention of Berquen of Bruges towards the close of the 15th century. In the article of diet, the Babylonians are described as sparing. Like the Chinese and Hindoos they lived chiefly on grains; the table is not the favourite luxury of any of those eastern nations. But the Babylonians delighted in perfumes, the use of which was universal, and with which, in their liquid state, the whole body was daily sprinkled. Their native palms supplied them with a variety in their bread, and also yielded inferior sorts of honey, and of wine; they received palm wine, and fruits in great quantities from Armenia; nor was the more generous wine from grapes excluded as a branch of the river commerce of Babylonia, until the sullen superstition of Mahomet banished conviviality, with almost every social pleasure, from the finest regions of the earth.

The commerce of the principal articles hitherto enumerated, gold, spices, and perfumes, we have already endeavoured to explain. But the country supplying the different gems abovementioned, might be a matter of uncertainty, were we not told that they came from the same quarter that yielded other luxuries, whose locality is clearly ascertained by their name and nature. These are the famous Indian dogs, such essentials in Babylonian magnificence, that whole districts were exempted from other tribute that they might be enabled to defray their maintenance. They are said to have been the mongrel brood of dogs and tigers, participating in the qualities of both. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveller, found them still in northern India, towards the middle of the 13th century. He compares them in size and strength to lions; and if they really com-

bined with other excellencies, the docility and fidelity of the dog, their value must have been inestimable in the eyes of kings and satraps, whose favourite delight was hunting, both as the amusement of their idleness, and the gratification of their vanity.

Important as this eastern traffic might be considered, the western commerce of Babylon was not less considerable in it self, and is still more conspicuous in history. In human affairs there is generally a compensation throughout, unobserved by that careless impatience which views every question under one only, and that often a false aspect. The navigators of modern times precipitate their course through the widest seas, whereas those of antiquity timidly pursued their tedious way along the winding shores of deep bays and dangerous promontories. But the ancient caravans, on the other hand, penetrated fearlessly through broad deserts, in consequence of establishments formed there for their safety, with a perseverance of stubborn industry, unrivalled, perhaps, in any other line of exertion. Witness Palmyra or Tadmor in the Desert, and the numerous ruins between that useful wonder of art, and the staples of Emesa and Heliopolis, from which last the Babylonian traders were brought to the centre of the Mediterranean coast, teeming in every age of antiquity with rich and populous cities. This golden chain was often shattered by the iron rod of conquerors. The capital link was destroyed when Nebuchadnezzar depopulated and demolished Tyre. But as commerce delights to resume the routes with which it has once become familiar, a new Tyre, as we have seen, arose in the small island separated only by a narrow firth from the old. Sidon, Aradus, and other Phœnician cities of less note escaped the vengeance of the destroyer, and were not backward to avail themselves of the commercial advantages accruing to them from the ruin of their overwhelming rival.

Besides the route through the Syrian desert, connecting Babylon with the Phœnician sea-ports, another and a far longer line of communication between that great capital and the countries of the west, offered itself in what was called the royal road. By means of this road, which we formerly had occasion to describe, the merchandise of Europe might reach the remote countries of the east. Amber, metals, and works of Grecian art, would easily bear the expence of a long conveyance by land. The Greek colonies early established on the northern shores of the Euxine, diffused the pelts and furs of Sarmatia and Scythia over the central provinces of Asia; and through the operation of mutual exchange, other European commodities, still heavier in proportion to their value, might sometimes find their way thither.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE late Sir Lionel Darell having occasion for a few feet of land to build green-houses to his residence at Richmond, which was so close to the wall of Richmond Park that there was no possibility of making the improvement without obtaining a grant from the crown of such proportion of the park as was necessary for the building, applied to the lords of the treasury, and the commissioners of crown lands, for the accommodation, for which he was willing to pay any thing that could be reasonably required. The business, however, proceeded but slowly. The lords of the treasury, and the commissioners of the crown lands were quite at a loss how to act with respect to making the grant, there being no precedent, except in cases of his majesty's own spontaneous bounty. The space asked by Sir Lionel was, besides, so small, that it was hardly worth setting a value upon it, and it could not be granted *gratis*, without an application to the king, which ministers seldom like to make unless they have some ministerial object to answer.

Sir Lionel, being anxious to complete his improvements, resolved to solicit his present majesty in person He accordingly, the next day of his majesty's passing that way, on his politely stopping to speak with Sir Lionel, as he usually did, Sir Lionel took the liberty of stating to his majesty the great difficulty he laboured under, and that the only possibility of removing it was the grant of a few feet of land out of the park. His majesty immediately said, with his usual warmth of beneficence, "Certainly, Sir Lionel, certainly; you shall have it by all means." His majesty then got off his horse, and said, "How much do you want, Sir Lionel?" Sir Lionel having pointed out the quantity he had occasion for, which was but a very small space, his majesty exclaimed, "Very little indeed, Sir Lionel; are you sure it will be enough? Do not stint yourself." Sir Lionel assured his majesty that he had pointed out to the full extent of his want, and that his majesty's gracious and liberal compliance could not induce him to abuse his royal bounty by extending his demand any further. "Well, then," said his majesty, "let us make a mark;" and his majesty accordingly took a stick, and drew a line round the extent that Sir Lionel had marked out. "There, Sir Lionel, that is your ground; it is mine no longer."

His majesty then mounted his horse, and rode off, leaving Sir Lionel Darell no less penetrated with gratitude for his majesty's easy compliance with his request, than with admiration and love for the truly bountiful and cordially beneficent manner in which that compliance had been expressed, and of which the present king has exhibited so many amiable instances in different parts of his reign.

Answer, by W. King, of Castle Cary Academy, to G. F. Arden's Rebus, inserted September 7.

TO a vigilant POLICE
We attribute much of peace.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, and J. Joyce, of Tiverton; J. Whitnell, of Street; J. H. jun. and W. D. of Bristol; S. Paull, and R. M. Giffard, of Castle Cary academy; Hester Easter, of Poole; S. D. of South Petherton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

Answer, by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse, to G. F. Arden's Rebus, inserted September 7.

THE initials, join'd in order right,
A GUDGEON they will bring to light.

☞ A similar answer has been received from H. Ellis, of Exeter; W. D. of Bristol; R. M. Giffard, S. Paull, W. King, and J. Horsey, of Castle Cary academy; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

A REBUS, *by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.*

GO search your house all o'er, and there,
Perhaps what's useless will appear,
Which must transposed be;
Now try again, as you are told,
An interjection to unfold,
My second then you'll see:
My whole's an article you'll find
That's often useful to mankind.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

WHEN potent death, with an unerring dart,
Shall aim a blow at my unguarded heart,
Then may my soul obtain an heavenly seat,
Amidst my first, in Heaven's divine retreat.
Behold my next, in winter's dreary reign,
When flaky snow o'erspreads the fertile plain!
Cold nipping frost cuts up each blooming flower,
And driving sleet and hail descend in showers.
My whole should in the human breast reside,
And all the actions of mankind should guide,
Then, from the stings of guilty conscience free,
They may meet death with blest tranquillity.

A CHARADE.

LONG shall the mem'ry of that man remain,
And stand untriall'd, midst a numerous train,
Who did my first invent, a piece of art,
To mortals vain, their transient hours t'impart.
And Oh may they obey my second's will!
Who form'd their curious frames with matchless skill;
Who still protects them with his mighty pow'r,
And show'rs fresh blessings on them ev'ry hour.
Connect these parts, ye bards, well-vers'd in lore,
And you my occupation will explore,

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

AMOS, iv. 12.

THO' vice reprov'd but bolder grows,
Nor fears to break th' Almighty's laws,
Or rove the earth abroad;
He still forbears revenge to take,
And calls a sinful world to wake,
Prepare to meet thy God.

His word, his servants, and his son,
Have all declared what love has done,
And how they vice abhorr'd:
His word despis'd, his servants slew,
His bleeding Son expir'd for you;
Prepare to meet thy God.

What mortal vain shall dare contest
His will; or strive the bolt to wrest,
When fate waits on his word?
An equal arm, Ah! who can claim?
Or thunder with a voice like him?
Prepare to meet thy God.

Exalt your eye, or raise your hand,
Think not with his elect to stand,
What help can dreams afford?
Aurora dawns, and visions fly;
And passing scenes shew danger's nigh,
Prepare to meet thy God.

His love outraged, claims his wrath,
But kindly stops its breaking forth;
Again man's woo'd and aw'd;
Chastis'd and bless'd; he calls again,
Their wayward conduct to restrain,
Prepare to meet thy God.

The friendly call surpriz'd they hear,
And trembling own his judgments near,
Yet fly the grace bestow'd;
Tho' it appears with every claim,
And cries, their passions to disarm,
Prepare to meet thy God.

His awful judgments also speak,
In every varied form they take,
Tremendous, clear, and loud;
In fierce disease, and scourging war,
E'en from the victor's rolling car,
Prepare to meet thy God.

In pining famine's meagre train,
When loosen'd furies rove and reign,
And mark their steps in blood;

By

By bolts of flame, and ocean's rage,
When warring elements engage,
Prepare to meet thy God.

Death stalks around, and points his dart,
He throws it in the sinner's heart,
And all his joys are fled;
Despair beclouds his setting sun,
He droops, and owns himself undone;
Prepare to meet thy God:

The brawny strength of the mature,
Who vainly thought himself secure,
And like a mountain stood;
Humbled by sickness, panting lies,
Whilst death exults, and nature cries,
Prepare to meet thy God.

To jocund mirth, and trifling youth,
Diverging from the lines of truth,
Abhorring what is good;
To females vain, and palsied age,
Conceit's recess, and folly's rage,
Prepare to meet thy God.

To swollen power, and lawless pride,
Which would the universe bestride,
And sway a sov'reign rod;
To the mean vassal that disclaims
His rank, and bows to worthless names,
Prepare to meet thy God.

To tottering vice, outlaw'd and pale,
That striving pleasure's throne to scale,
On weeping conscience trod:
To all of every name and place,
The first, the last, the proud, the base,
Prepare to meet thy God.

Alas! what keeps you grov'ling here,
Escape from sin, to Christ repair,
The life, the truth, the road,
To favour, joy, and holy peace;
And in the exercise of grace
Prepare to meet thy God:

To stem corruption's sweeping tide,
To throw your sinful robe aside,
And leave this rude abode;
To raise above the fogs of earth,
To fall beneath the stroke of death,
Prepare to meet thy God;

At his dread bar, and holy seat,
Where seraphs fall around his feet,
By whom he is ador'd;
In grateful praise, strains of delight,
Where saints and seraphims unite,
Prepare to meet thy God.

Dock, Devon.

The BOOK-WORM.

WILL has a noble library, 'tis true,
But does he use, peruse, or lend his books?
No—he contented feasts the *outward* view,
And only at the *pretty bindings* looks.